

himself, began to laugh. Soon his laugh was so loud he kept the neighborhood awake. His laugh was so loud and hard his fingers began to sweat and slip apart. The neighbors worried.

If the man's hands should come apart, won't he become a threat to everyone around him? Shouldn't they see to it that this man, grown mad under the weight of his deep itch, be restrained from harming others?

So they secured the man's fingers together with tiny ropes and threw him in his basement where he could laugh as loud as he wanted and still keep a hold on himself.

THE PAST

A mud worm enters my ear and finds an empty cave. He goes to work on the walls, leaving long mud lines. He drags his body in circles, leaving a print of an antelope, a shovel, and a wheel. He works his way across the cave, rubbing his chin until he invents light and places some at intervals along the wall.

Later the same day, after the mud worm has crawled through a rear door, a crew of anthropologists enters my ear. They find the cave. They find an antelope, a shovel, a wheel, and ashes on the floor. They pull out their picks and dig just beneath the surface of the wall, putting parts of my brain in sacks.

Flashbulbs pop in my ears

A SHADOW'S LOVE

-- for Susan

My shadow is missing. I've tried walking through noon sunshine or standing between a spotlight and white wall, or strapping metal reflectors to my waist. But I haven't received even a collect phone call from my shadow.

I think of foul play. One morning someone digging a long narrow hole on the west side of the sidewalk and kidnapping shadows as they drop by.

I can picture a night train with one dark room, filled by shadows. And my shadow, taught a love of the good life, taken to a city where it waits on some back street under, maybe, a streetlight, to sell itself.

And now I walk through the sunshine, shoulders beaten red,
into the shade of a shadow not my own, a shadow whose
love I can never have.

-- Patrick Bizzaro

Manassas VA

KING

when she takes a nap
when I'm around
I get offended,
because when I'm around
the world's lucky, right?

CHARLIE

best friend
even though
in seventh grade I
hated him for making
a sanding block
that was perfect,
even the nail-holed
initials, C.C.

825 BRAZIL

the weeds on either
side of the walk to
her door
were wet and quiet
when
she told me
after she kissed me
to be sure not to
step on the snails
on the way back.

KAREN

went to a movie
with Kevin,
a guy she's known for
ten years,
they probably
made out all over the place,
but when she asked
me if I was jealous
I said no.

FAST THINGS

my red shorts and Pumas
dart over the vanishing trail,
brushing past brush,
and then a lizard,
a black stick running
like the devil
from devil's work.

KISS ME, BOB, SHE SAID

on the bus from
the ninth grade graduation
picnic where
Jason and Murdock
swiped her purse they
got embarrassed when
they found 32 cents
and some Tampax.